

Announcements.
We are authorized to announce HON. WILLARD D. VANDIVER of Cape Girardeau county as a candidate for reelection to congress from this, the Fourteenth congressional district, subject to the action of the democratic congressional convention.
We are authorized to announce HON. MERRILL PIPKIN of St. Francois county as a candidate for judge of the Twenty-seventh judicial circuit, subject to the action of the democratic judicial convention.

Monday's papers say that all of the Americans, and also the Cubans, who wish to leave Havana came over Saturday by the three ships that left with Lee, the Olivette bringing nearly 300 who went through to Tampa.

Gen. Lee and Vice Consul Springer turned over American interests in Cuba to the care of British Consul Gollan.

When the Fern reached Key West, at 7:30 o'clock Sunday morning, Gen. Lee remained on board until he received a telegram from Washington. He sent an official telegram, and after spending a few minutes ashore, proceeded on the Olivette, which had been detained for him. He leaves Tampa by rail to-night, and will reach Washington Tuesday morning. He is in the best of health and spirits, and his usual equal temper has been restored after the ruffling experience with Blanco. But he would like nothing better than to return to Havana at the head of an invading column of American troops.

The strain of the last two months has been tremendously trying on him, but he has stood it magnificently, and the correspondents who have come to know him intimately in Havana cannot find words too warm to express their praise of him as a man and as representative of his government. Key West was prepared to give him a tremendous ovation. Crowds waited all night on the wharves, and when the Fern did not come at the expected hour the disappointment was intense.

Consul General Lee is believed to have information establishing the fact of a conspiracy to blow up the Main.

Blanco was discourteous to Lee and the Spanish population abusive to Americans the last day in Havana.

There will soon be a scarcity of food in Havana as a result of the suspension of trade relations.

Consul Barker sent Gomez a gun wrapped in an American flag. Spanish guns were trained on the Fern as she left Havana.

The fleet at Key West expected sailing orders.

Tuesday's papers say: President McKinley's message was read in both houses yesterday and referred to committees.

It was not received with enthusiasm. Many members characterized it as "weak" and "indefinite."

It was definite, however, in placing all the responsibility on Congress. That body is expected to meet the emergency promptly and decisively.

The Foreign Relations Committees of both houses met, but adjourned without formal agreement; yet progress was made toward agreement on resolutions directing the President to intervene, with arms, if necessary, to end the war in Cuba and to drive Spain from the island.

Both committees will meet today. General Lee will appear before the senate committee; perhaps before both.

Resolutions, it is expected, will be reported Wednesday. Probably they will be identical.

Though much difference of opinion as to their form is expressed, long debate is improbable.

Congress is expected to act vigorously, promptly and without division.

In a dispatch to the Charleston Enterprise Congressman Vandiver says of the president's message: "President McKinley's long message just read. It is weak, means more delay and war preparations, but no independence for Cuba."

Ex-Senator Ingalls characterizes the message as "weak, irresolute, infirm of purpose, dictated by some malign, but potent, influence."

Judge Fox is holding court at Perryville this week.

Judge Nalle is a candidate to represent Madison county in the legislature.

Gen. James R. Chalmers, the confederate officer who commanded the first division of Forrest's cavalry and was congressman for three terms from the north Mississippi district, died Saturday morning at his home in Memphis, Tenn., after a brief illness, aged 67.

The \$50,000 libel suit of C. W. Brown vs. Wm. Matthews and Henry Graham, all of Marquand, has been on trial at Fredericktown.

Congressman Vandiver is in Washington, attending to his duties, but will be at home in time to take a full hand in the campaign.

One "disinterested" voter has told us he thought the democracy of this county would hold a primary election, but—he happens to be a republican.

And now the Hon. B. Benson Cahoon is running a typewriter on full time in explanation of his position in the Poplar Bluff postoffice muddle. The pawing at the pie counter isn't doing a thing to the Missouri republicans.

In the Dent county primary election there were four candidates for prosecuting attorney and the vote for them was, 440, 434, 416 and 160, and we are asked to believe the man who received the 410 votes is the choice of the democracy of that county. Bosh!

The money question will be just as potent during war as in peace. It is twice as easy to wage war with two metals as it is with only one, and that one cornered by money sharks. The money question must be settled at the coming elections, war or no war.

If war is declared Hanna is in favor of issuing \$500,000,000 of gold bonds at once. If the people of the United States are caught in a war with the gold standard, such war will cost three times as much as it would if carried on under bimetalism.

The democratic congressional committee met at Poplar Bluff last Saturday to name the place and date of the next congressional convention of the Fourteenth district.

The convention will be held at Poplar Bluff, Wednesday, June 22. The basis of representation is one delegate for every 100 or fraction over fifty votes cast for Bryan. This gives the convention 299 delegates.

At a mass meeting of the republicans of Butler county last Saturday resolutions were adopted in endorsing McKinley's course on the Cuban question and approving the course of the Poplar Bluff Republican "in opposing those who by some strange caprice of fate have been permitted to constitute themselves the dictators and bosses of the republican party of Missouri." Wonder who they are hitting at? Certainly can't be thinking of going back on our John A.

We have before us the result of the primary elections in Dent county and to show that they are altogether unfair and undemocratic we have but to give the figures: For representative there were three candidates and a total of 1,457 votes, of which the successful candidate received 711—46 less than a majority. For sheriff there were six candidates, 1,451 votes polled, and the successful candidate received 384—a little more than one-fourth of the total. For collector, the successful man received 331 votes. For county clerk 251 votes govern 1,391 democrats in the choice of a candidate. Until a primary law, such as that advocated by Mr. Caruthers of the Dunklin Democrat—that is, requiring two elections—is enacted we are opposed to them, because they do not express the will of the people. Let the majority say who shall execute our laws.

It seems strange that the Spanish government should risk a war with the United States rather than give up Cuba, especially when there is an offer of \$100,000,000 from the Cubans to be guaranteed by European financiers. Since 1898 Cuba has cost Spain, as estimated, \$900,000,000, expended in putting down one insurrection and in a vain attempt to put down another. That so unprofitable a property should be held so obstinately when there is a proposition to buy it at an enormous price is a puzzle. Spain is a haughty nation and will not part with her territory. Yet parting with her territory has been her chief characteristic in modern times. She gave up her possessions in the Netherlands and in Italy. Philip V. gave up his claims to the crown of France. In this century Spain has given up her American possessions, constituting a vast empire, except Cuba and Porto Rico. France is a proud nation and Napoleon was a proud sovereign, yet he sold Louisiana to the United States, a vast domain, for a price quite insignificant compared with that offered for Cuba, whose territory is

about equal to that of Kentucky. Russia is a proud nation, yet she sold Alaska for a comparatively small sum, though nobody yet knows who got the better of the bargain. Spaniards have a sentimental pride in holding on to Cuba, though it is manifestly to their disadvantage to do so. We can hardly suspect that the Spanish government shares this sentiment.

Mr. Hawkins denies emphatically the remarks attributed to him in the article we copied from the Southeast Missourian, and we do him justice to publish his disclaimer.

Game and Fish Warden Burford is making preparations for prosecuting every person who violates the fish laws this spring, says the Republic. He made a great success last winter out of prosecuting pot hunters who violated the game laws, and it is predicted that he will be equally as vigilant after the individuals who dynamite streams to catch fish.

It is a felony to use dynamite, and although the law has been on the statutes for years, yet but few persons have been convicted, and at the same time the law was violated in many sections of the state with impunity. Mr. Burford has been exceedingly active ever since he was appointed and has taught the law breakers to fear him.

The law for the protection of fish is as strong as it well could be, but heretofore it has never been enforced to any perceptible extent. Here and there persons have been fined for seining streams, and a solitary old negro was convicted of using dynamite in Osage county and sentenced to jail. These prosecutions were so far apart as to have no effect on the small army of law breakers who for years have annually been in the habit of dynamiting streams, particularly in the southern part of the state.

Mr. Burford has selected deputies in all parts of the state where the fish law has been violated the most in the past, and he intends to make it hot for this class in the future. When he was first appointed game and fish warden he said he would enforce all the game and fish laws, regardless of whose feelings were hurt. Knowing ones laughed at him, having heard such statements before, but after he had obtained about 500 convictions against persons who violated the game law, public opinion in regard to his intentions underwent a change.

The Dingley Craze.
Mr. Dingley has two schemes for increasing the revenues to meet current deficit and provide money for war.

One is to raise all present tariff duties 10 per cent. But these duties are already so nearly prohibitive that they yield far less revenue than lower duties would. To increase them will be not to increase the Government's income but to cut it down.

The other plan is to impose duties on some scores of other articles that are now on the free list.

This would be to add to the already burdensome taxes on consumption and to abolish the only ameliorating feature of our present tariff. It would subject our manufacturers to a tax on raw materials which they have loudly protested that they cannot stand if they are to continue to operate their factories and to employ men at living wages.

Does the Republican party want to commit suicide, or is it moonstruck mad? asks the New York World.

The way to raise revenue is to levy taxes on things that can stand taxes. An addition of \$1 a barrel on beer would yield \$30,000,000 a year and cost no consumer a single cent. Ten cents a gallon on whiskey would make a large increase in the Government's income. Tobacco would easily stand an addition of two or three cents a pound, as it has stood it before. A stamp tax on property transfers, contracts, bank checks, promissory notes and the like would yield millions more, and would be paid chiefly by the rich and prosperous.

What insane folly it would be to neglect these easy and proper sources of revenue, and instead to tax commerce that is already clipped almost beyond endurance by impost!

Wayne County Journal: The outlook for a good wheat crop was never poorer in this section. Very little ground was seeded last year, and a good deal of that has been plowed up and put in corn.

Post-Dispatch:—"Hop tea" is not a liquor. It is a sort of lager beer combination, but is claimed not to be intoxicating. J. P. Cronister of Drum postoffice, Bollinger county, Mo., was arrested for selling it without a liquor license, but was released at Poplar Bluff, Mo. His plea that the beverage was not intoxicating was favorably considered.

Lieutenant Governor Boile has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$75 for apprehension of Sam Davenport, who killed Charles Hall in Dunklin County, December 25, 1897, and who is a fugitive from justice.

Billville on the Run.
(A Story of the Coming War.)
A soldier of the Legion lay dreaming in Goshwin;
There was never lack of glory for that hero heart of his;
But a fair face bent above him, as he snored the time away,
And he heard a low voice whisper: "John, the gas bill's due today!"
The dreaming soldier jolted as he heard that voice so bland,
And he said: "Thank heaven, no more I'll see my own—my gas bill land!"
Take a message to my creditors, and comfort them with it,
For I was born for glory—for glory on the Grid!

"Tell my tailors and my grocers as they meet and crowd around
To figure up their losses on the old, abandoned ground,
That I hit the grid full bravely, and ere the day was done
I was fifty miles from Billville—from Billville on the Run!"

"Tell my bankers not to weep for me when on my noies they gaze
And find the weather dampened with the dews of thirty days;
But to 'finger' on 'em bravely from morn till set of sun,
For I was born at Billville—at Billville on the Run!"

And the calm moon—she rose slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the soldier there at Goshwin, long miles from Billville town;
Yes, calmly o'er his slumbers her journey she began
As she shone on those who mourned him at Billville on the Run!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Sam Jones' Ideal Man.
The Rev. Sam Jones expressed some sound sense in very vigorous English in a recent sermon when he said:

"The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the market place or on a corner, nor in the field or forum, but at his own bedside. There he lays aside his mask and you may learn whether he is an imp or angel, king or cur, hero or humbug. I care not a copper what the world says of him, whether it crowns him with glory or pelts him with bad eggs. I care not what his religion may be. If his babies dread his coming home, and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morning until he is black in the face and shouts hallelujah until he shakes the eternal hills. But if the children run to the front gate to meet him and loves even sunshine illuminates the face of his wife whenever she hears his footsteps upon the floor, and the husband never gets that near the throne of God. He may be a rank atheist and a red flag anarchist, and a Mormon, and a magnum; he may buy votes and bet on elections; he may deal from the bottom and drink beer until he can't tell a silver dollar from a circular saw, and still he is better than the man that is all suavity but who makes his home a hell—who vents on the head of his helpless wife and children the ill nature he would like to inflict on his fellow man, but dares not. I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who rather makes men swear than women weep, would rather have the hate of the world than the contempt of his wife; who had rather call anger to the eye of a king than fear to the face of a child."

Bringing Her to Me.
"I don't know how me and Sally Ann's going to fix it up," said the troubled young farmer, as he talked with the justice of the peace.

"Thought you an her were engaged?"

"I did, too, but they was conditions. She said if I'd git her a brand new sewing machine so she could git ready for the wedding and do her own sewing later on, she'd 'gree to marry me. Yistaday I took them coils and dray to town, bought the machine, paid for it, loaded it inter the wagon and started home happier than a lord. Down by the depot an engine begin lettin' off steam and afore I could tighten up on the reins I was jerked backwards off the seat and the coils went down that road like a pair of skinned pups. I folloed faster I could and for three miles there was nothing but chips and screws and bits of steel and needles and them there extrys what go with a sewing machine. It was the completest wreck you ever see and nobody on earth could ever put the thing together ag'in. I told Sally Ann just how it all kim about but she hauled me over the coils for tryin' to show off them coils, said that a steady ole how was better adapted for haulin' sich val'ables, and said 'no machine, no wedding.' I'm clean busted and looks to me like I'd lost her, without she'd wait a year."

The old squire said nothing, but he wrote a note to Sally Ann saying that it was strictly private, and telling her that Jim Walton was settin' down in his office talking 'bout marryin' that gal from the city what was visitin' at the Clovers. The note was sent by a boy. Half an hour later Sally Ann was hurrying across the fields, in her best clothes, to the squire's, and she left there Mrs. Walton.

Rules for Reading Aloud.
Few persons doubt their ability to read aloud acceptably, but were their audience induced to speak frankly the illusion might be dispelled, says Mrs. Burton Kingsland in the Chicago Record. The first

qualification of a good reader is absence of affectation and self-consciousness. Self must be forgotten utterly, merged into the author, whose spokesman and representative one is. Next it is important, in order to be pleasing, to read in the natural voice, in precisely the same tone in which one would relate the matter.

Nearly every one raises the voice in reading aloud to a higher pitch than is habitual in speaking, and the effect of strain is fatiguing to both reader and hearer.

The eyes must move a little in advance of the spoken words, so that at a glance the author's thought in order to give it the expression. A practiced reader will find that his lips and voice will work automatically with perfect correctness, while his mind occupies itself with the sentences following that which is being uttered.

One should endeavor to dismiss the thought that there is anything difficult in reading to others—it is but to tell the story, with the same interests, animation and freshness that one would naturally use in relating anything familiar to oneself, but new to one's hearers. This bars out a too rapid utterance and earless manner, lest the sense be obscured and the point lost of wit or argument.

One of the essentials of a good reader is a clear enunciation. No word should be slurred, but clear and distinct—without, however, betraying any effort to make it so.

A special study of pronunciation of words will be well repaid by a feeling of confidence in oneself from assurance of being correct. A little volume entitled "Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," by Phylis, will be found very helpful.

American women are often reproached for their unmusical voices. The practice of reading to others, if one try to be observant of a few simple directions, will have a tendency to mellow the tones, and in calling into play so many more inflections than one has need of for expression in ordinary conversation the voice is exercised and cannot fail to grow more melodious.

Nearly all authors read their own works with effectiveness, because their pride and interests being involved, they endeavor to excite the pleasure and admiration of their audience. The reader should so identify himself with the author that for the time being he is his advocate, and should seek to interpret him as pleasingly as possible.

Some readers are mechanical; they have no magnetism, but the lack proceeds from indifference and want of interest, which an audience is always quick to feel. It is a fact worth realizing that the effort to do anything well awakens an interest in its performance.

Finally, it must be remembered that in reading to others one assumes the responsibility of giving pleasure.

Why He Was Sorry.
"Well, Uncle William," said the president of the emigration society, "I s'pose you heard de news?"

"No—what's a'terrin'?"

"We y ain't heard 'bout de treasurer?"

"Not a word! What he done now?"

"Run off wid de funds—tuk ever dollar wid him!"

"Lawd, Lawd! En how much was in de treasury?"

"For hundred dollars!"

"En you say, he gone wid it?"

"Clean gone!"

The old man seemed wrapped in

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Had a Sinecure.
An old colored citizen, hearing the rumors of war with Spain, applied for the position of cook to the army.

"What experience have you had?" he was asked.

"I wuz cook in de Confederit army," he replied—"dat is, I had de position of cook, but, ter tell de truth, I didn't wuk at it."

"Why not?"

"Dey wuzn't nuthin' ter cook, sah,"—Atlanta Constitution.

An April Fool.
"No person living can play another April joke on me with impunity," puffed Fatly as he stamped about his office, says the Detroit Free Press. "This is the last year that I'm open to any such trickery. I'm going to let other people alone and they've got to reciprocate or take the consequences."

After Fatly had said things rapidly for a few moments some one ventured to ask him what had happened.

"O I went to one of those parties last evening where they think it's funny to put up jobs on you and play jokes on you just because it's All Fools' day. I chewed on caramels stuffed with cotton, took punch that had nothing stronger in it than red rain water, had cake sugared with salt, found the sleeves to my over coat sewed up and opened my umbrella on leaving only to be suffocated with an avalanche of corn starch. Great jokes, wasn't it?" shouted Fatly as everybody roared.

"This morning I overslept and had to race for the street car."

There was another general laugh at the thought of Fatly running.

"I just made it, and right ahead of me a stylish young lady entered the car, and we naturally sat down side by side because there were only two seats left. Then I discovered that, in my hurry, I had forgotten to put on gloves. Thinking it better form to don them there than to be without them, I got them out of my pocket. As I extended my hand upward there was a rival of mine from every finger of the glove. It ran over me and into her lap, while all the fool passengers laughed and that ex-lord, Jekely walked right up and congratulated me. I tried to explain for the benefit of the lady, but no one would listen. She simply shrieked me with a look, and asked some man across the aisle to exchange seats with her."

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JOSEPH W. CALDWELL,

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Marble Hill, - Missouri.

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